

Madeline Yale Wynne



LAWRENCE J. GUTTER

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Ralph Clarkson,  
Amey Pond.

Emerson Annual  
Horace Scapleton Kinsage  
Clara E. Laughlin -

Amelia Gere Mason  
Carolyn D. Tyler.

Harriet Monroe —

one of her friends  
William Morton Taylor

Anna Morgan.

Elizabeth Wallace  
Nellie V. Walker.

James Taft Hatfield  
Clarence Hough

1890

1870

1

100

[illegible]

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 84

1890

Lionel Belmore  
244 W. 109.  
N.Y. City

Marcus Kavanagh  
Court House

Fred W Grant  
Chicago.

Julia Cooley - Chicago.

Pauline Turner

4 E. Ohio St.  
Studio A.



{ Mary E. Tyler.

Henry B. Fuller

Allen D. Bond




*Madeline Yale Wynne*



Rutha Jacques  
Lucy Fitch Perkins

IN MEMORY OF  
MADELINE YALE WYNNE

(1918)



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## I

NO brief phrase can possibly define the beautiful character and presence of Madeline Wynne. She was peculiarly ethereal without a hint of detachment from the tangible world by which she was surrounded, and which she loved for everything in it that was good and fair, or that rightfully called for understanding or sympathy.

To her, life, all life, was unfailingly real and earnest, and even poignant. She saw everything with a beautifying and poetic vision, and so reflected it to others. She

was one of the most joyous souls I ever came in touch with, and yet saw everything true. She did not merely prefer the bright side of things. Most fittingly she might have borne the name of Cynthia, for unceasingly she caught the sunlight of truth on her own heart, in her own face; and, casting it back on life's darker aspects, illuminated them with hope and joy.

Then, too, her rare intelligence and her human sympathies shone as brightly as her joy, as her love of truth, as her discriminative perception of beauty. One might say that these five graces held constant revel in her soul, interdependent and inseparable. None who ever truly knew her can look to see her place filled.

G. W. CABLE

## II

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

[The following paragraphs have been arranged from material, in print or in manuscript, contributed by members of Mrs. Wynne's own intimate circle: Philip Henry Wynne, a son; Miss A. C. Putnam, a life-long friend and associate; Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, writing in the *Chicago Tribune*, and others.]

M ADELINE YALE WYNNE was born at Newport, Herkimer County, New York, on September 25, 1847, and died at Asheville, North Carolina, on January 4, 1918.

Her father, widely known as the inventor of the Yale lock, was primarily a man of artistic aptitudes and achievements, and many of his daughter's earlier hours were spent in his garden-studio at Newport. Her mother was of the old New England family of Brooks; she carried on the traditions of culture proper to her origin, and was herself one of the teachers in that "crescent" school at Eagleswood, New Jersey, which Madeline and her brothers attended.

The definite basis of Mrs. Wynne's varied and scintillant artistic career was laid in Boston, where she studied painting at the Art Museum and taught drawing for several years. Later she studied at the Art Students' League in New York, under Walter Shirlaw, and still later in Europe. "Both as artist and teacher of art," says

Miss Putnam, "she was an inspiration to a vast number of friends, and to many a struggling student."

When business called Mr. Julian Yale to Chicago, he was soon joined by his mother and sister, and they established themselves in the pleasant house at No. 9 Ritchie Place, which for many years was a Mecca for true lovers of art and literature, whether these were presented in a vestment of wit or of philosophy. Here it was that Mrs. Yale and Mrs. Wynne collaborated to form a salon of real intellectual interest; here, too, Madeline and her brother wrought together in the unique and fascinating workshop for silver-smithing and jewelry-setting, the fame of which spread so far. As says her son, "Her artistic feeling perhaps found its truest expression in designing and making hand-

wrought jewelry and other decorations, for which she had a notably bold and happy inspiration."

It was while living in this same house that Mrs. Wynne definitely turned her attention to literary expression. Her most noteworthy production at that time was the short story called "The Little Room." This title was gladly appropriated by a group of painters, sculptors, writers, musicians, architects, and other art workers which was forming in Chicago at the time of the World's Columbian Exposition. Their little organization, still meeting in the Fine Arts Building, has recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary.

Mrs. Wynne's summers had been spent, for many years, at Deerfield, Massachusetts, in the historic "Old Manse"; and



later she made a winter home for herself in Tryon, North Carolina. In both places she exercised her own artistic gifts and directed those of others. It was largely her enthusiasm and energy that brought about the revival and organization of the Deerfield Crafts, to which those of other towns soon looked for inspiration and guidance. In Tryon she took a leading part in the formation of the Musical and Dramatic Clubs, and, stimulated by her suggestive and encouraging criticisms, the latter has presented not only a number of plays by Synge, Lady Gregory, and others, but also a very beautiful play which was dramatized by Mrs. Wynne from one of her own stories and given under her direction. To the Lanier Club of Tryon, a literary club with a wide membership, and one addressed

at various times by many distinguished people, Mrs. Wynne never failed to give her inspiring coöperation. Mrs. Jean Stansbury Holden, a warm friend and fellow-member, tells us that "she was the life and sparkle of the Club . . . always buoyant and bubbling, but never trifling." Hers was the great gift of imagination which is essential to the truest sympathy. "Mrs. Wynne has the happy faculty of always saying the right thing," said a friend. "Yes," answered Dr. Emerson, "because she always *thinks* the right thing."

In the words of her son, Madeline Wynne was "a woman of many and various gifts, a spirit brilliant and rare. To her friends—and few people had so many friends—the greatest of her many successes was in the art of living."

HENRY B. FULLER

### III

CHARM, instantly recognized but never satisfactorily defined, found its perfect embodiment in Madeline Yale Wynne. Her presence diffused a magnetic quality, a subtle blending of surprise, delight, and sympathy that instantly made her the center of whatever circle she entered.

Rodin once said that each art is key to every other art. This was strikingly true in Mrs. Wynne's case, for she excelled in all arts.

From her mother she inherited imagination, appreciation, enthusiasm; from her father, who gave the Yale lock to the

world, invention and skill. Her brother, Julian Yale, in an active business life turned for recreation to the workshop his sister shared, using the same tools and forge and giving a magic touch to each creation of that busy work-bench.

Mrs. Wynne's metal work still keeps unchallenged place for beauty and originality. She could not do a commonplace thing and she never repeated herself. Her fresh spirit acted and reacted on vanquished metals—copper, silver, gold—in graceful curves and novel lines. Stones were encircled, crystals suspended, amber enfolded in coils, rings, and chains that send us to the woods to find their lovely counterparts, since histories of art do not reveal them.

Whatever she touched was baptized with her originality. Her stories have a quality

all their own—mysterious, imaginative, exciting; leaving the reader with a passionate desire to know the outcome—never even remotely suggested. Her water-colors are exquisite, and seldom have been rivaled in giving the spirit of the woods. Her oil paintings are distinguished, often touched with the weird mystery of her stories. She worked with equal facility with brush, hammer, carving-tools, and burning-irons, reaching her goal through whatever medium was at hand, and always suffusing it with the pure and exquisite quality of charm. Her intense love of color, her joy in rich hues and unusual combinations, doubtless revealed depths and gradations hidden from our eyes though multiplied to hers.

She understood and loved music, modern as well as classic; and though she gave it

little attention, she played both violin and piano enough to add to home pleasure for herself and her friends.

Taste, another elusive quality, never failed her. It appeared in every corner of her home, pervading work as well as play. Mrs. Wynne and her mother put all household tasks into the class of arts, where they belong. Whatever came from their sunny kitchen was flavored with ladyhood, a culinary prize that schools do not give.

Taste showed itself again in the individuality of her dress. She saw possibilities in fragments of unusual fabrics, and her skill easily united the practical with the artistic. Given needlewomen's tools, she made whatever she needed or fancied, her clever hands often evolving trimming and decoration as well as garment. Here, as usual, she worked

with magic rapidity, and achieved charming effects with simple materials.

She was interested in philanthropy, and her sturdy common sense kept balance between conflicting issues. Problems were often discussed at the Wednesday morning meetings of that delightful club, "The Neighbors." Limited to six members, with Mrs. Wynne as hostess and Mrs. Yale as leader, the home on Ritchie Place, in Chicago, became a little school of cheerful philosophy and a maker of delightful memories.

Mrs. Wynne's social gifts were also elusive. Her sense of humor appeared in written and spoken words, in the merry twinkle of her eyes, in voice and smile. In sadness as in mirth she had an adorable quality, intangible, yet lingering in every

dear thought of her. There was something akin to the elfin—gay, fairy-like, beguiling into paths of joy. An enchanting playfellow, she readily lent herself to the ridiculous for frolic's sake; yet, in sorrow, words were not needed to tell the sympathy that filled her lovely eyes and trembled on her lips. Hers was a nameless type of beauty, bringing joy with her appearance, and happiness in sitting with her beside the fire. Of all her gifts the rarest was her friendship, for she was true, sincere, faithful, appreciative of duties as well as privileges in friendship, and always so kind that she left nothing to regret.

I linger over many lovely attributes vainly trying to name her supreme gift. Each was touched with the fire of genius and the enchantment of mystery. Her world



was her own. Friends entered here and there, but not one walked the full length of her corridors or saw all the pictures on her walls. For such a nature is isolated by the profusion of its endowments, by the depths of its penetration, by the heights of its experiences.

Now, having written, there comes a baffled sense that the best is still unsaid, for her chief legacy to those who love her cannot be put into words—it is the starry memory that lights the name of Madeline Yale Wynne.

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD

#### IV

IT was back in the time of the World's Fair that we first knew Mrs. Wynne. She had come from Deerfield and Boston to keep house for her brother, Julian Yale, at 9 Ritchie Place, and Chicago was new to her.

She brought into it an atmosphere of color, of intimate artistic life, where Venetian beads, in hitherto unimagined quantities and richness, blended with strange bits of embroidery; and where copper trays, iridescent with bold experiments in decoration, bore odd bits of hand-wrought metal—an atmosphere where a winter's sketch-

ing in Algiers, a season of study in Venice or Florence, was all a part of the scheme of life, and might come again at any time. With this went a personality as rich, as vivid as her experiences. Busy with her own work as she was—for she worked daily in her “shop” at the top of the house, its great window looking out upon Lake Michigan, over the lovely jewelry and silverware that are so warmly cherished by their present owners—she always had time to listen, to give counsel or help, or, just by being herself, to make one realize a larger world and point of view than one had brought to her. She never saved herself for a larger audience. You got her very best, because she could give no less.

Her brother's personality, too, was part of the unique charm of the little household.

The metal work, while not a profession with him, was his constant amusement, and almost every evening he wrought at his bench in his sister's studio. Sometimes callers, sitting in the square hall below, would be startled to see a spoon or a pitcher descending by a thread, to be seen and appreciated, and then perhaps withdrawn again. The jewelry of his and of her own creation Mrs. Wynne wore, casually, until it was sold, and it was always beautiful on her because she so completely dominated it. *She* was much more brilliant than any arbitrary arrangement of opals or enamels, and when she wore them, the jewels, on her, slipped into their proper place in a decorative scheme.

Mrs. Wynne enjoyed social life in her free hours, and often dined with us, alone

or with other guests. We were always sure of the success of any party if she were to be there.

There came many sorrows, illnesses, and anxieties into her life. She never dwelt upon them nor seemed to resent them—why should she be spared the common lot?—neither did she abnormally keep them to herself, but human-heartedly shared with you her sorrows and her joys. Her brother's health was failing for some time before his sudden death. She knew that the end might come at any time, and her ceaseless care for him, given with a light touch, as if she were doing nothing, was wonderful.

After his death, the home at 9 Ritchie Place was given up, and my close contact with her ceased. But she was a continuing presence and stimulus in my life. Her

letters, infrequent as they were, and her visits, all too few, kept our places in each other's lives; and I associate her always with two poems which were often on her lips, Emerson's "Forerunners" and Blake's "Opportunity":

"He who bends to himself a joy,  
Does the wingèd life destroy;  
But he who kisses the joy as it flies,  
Lives in eternity's sunrise."

She gave freely of herself to all with whom she came in contact, and no one met her, even casually, who did not retain a vivid impression of her gracious, "generous-seeking" personality. She was so much more than the sum of all her varied gifts—a beautiful woman, with singular, exceptional charm of voice, manner, gesture; artist, craftsman, unique story-teller, writer of

prose and poetry (too little known) ; loving daughter, sister, mother, and most satisfying friend. To feel that you were counted among those whom she loved, gave you a value in your own eyes.

ELIZABETH HEAD GATES

## V

TO know Mrs. Wynne was to become the happier for that knowledge and for each memory of her.

Rarely sensitive to all beauty in nature and in art, with still rarer ability to capture and transmit impressions into expression, she was a constant conveyer to others from the richness of her own experience.

Sharing was her joy. The fountain of her own resources for spiritual quickening knew no diminution, because continually drawn upon for the refreshment of the weary, sad, or dull.



We are glad and grateful for the artistry of her skilful hands, for the enduring beauty of her printed words, which recall the charm of her voice and grace of manner.

In the unspeakable privilege of having shared in her abundant giving of herself for companionship, unique in quality, we have a blessing which cannot be taken away while memory lasts.

MARY H. WILMARTH

## VI

**M**EETING her for the first time, it was her gracious hospitality of soul that impressed one. Her faith in the possibilities, rather the potentialities, of those she met called forth a responsive desire to meet her expectations.

Her rarely gifted mind at once betrayed itself in her conversation, which was ever embroidered by her charming fancy and her kindly wit.

She was a passionate lover of beauty, not alone of form and color, but of the spirit and of a fine conduct in the affairs of life.

With all her gifts, it was in the art of living that she excelled, and by her own life taught many another how life may be dignified and ennobled.

Hers was the attitude of expectancy, and when, for her, the last barrier fell away, surely it was with a glad heart and hasting feet that she pressed forward to the new experiences awaiting her—our radiant, “gallant” Madeline!

ISADORE P. TAYLOR

## VII

MRS. WYNNE could not be indifferent to any form of art. She played the violin well, painted in both oils and water-colors, was distinguished as a gold and silversmith, and could turn her needle to account like a lady of mediæval times. She wrote delightfully but not copiously. As a gardener she was fortunate indeed. Beautiful things grew, it seemed, at her suggestion.

To tell what she has done, however, in no way conveys what she was. She entered a new neighborhood only to give it fresh vital-

ity and to open up the minds and hearts of her neighbors. Physically she was rarely beautiful, delicate as fine glass and luminous with the spirit. Her house became, in spite of her quietness, a salon wherever she lived, and her loss will be felt by many persons in many places. But she was of those whose influence continues like the overtones of a beautiful bell. Identified all her life with beauty and ideals of brotherhood, the memory of her is in itself a great possession.

ELIA W. PEATTIE

## VIII

MRS. WYNNE usually passed the summer months at Deerfield, and "home" was to her always the old manse in Deerfield Street. It was natural enough, then, that much of her artistic thought and initiative should be lavished upon her "home town."

She was president of the Deerfield Industries, and gave invaluable help each year in maintaining its standard of excellence, serving on the Jury, and giving unsparingly of her efficiency and artistic skill to the service of its interests, especially in the ar-

rangements for an Annual Fair at which triumphs of basketry, embroidery, jewelry, pottery, and tapestry are sold, and to which thousands make pilgrimage. The gratitude of this Society is feelingly expressed in the following Resolutions :

“We, members of the Deerfield Industries, wish to express our deep sorrow and feeling of loss for the death of our President and friend, Mrs. Madeline Yale Wynne. She has, from the first, been a mainstay of our organization and a personal help to each one of us. Her own skill as a craftswoman, and her enthusiasm and tact in directing the efforts of the less skilled, went far toward gaining for the Society its first recognition. For years she was unsparing of her time and strength during her short vacations here. Her jury work was more than selection. It was advice and constructive criticism, a stimulating help to all who received it.

“So, as a Society and as individuals, we wish to record our gratitude and love and pleasant

memories of her, and we direct our secretary to make such record, and to send our greetings and our sympathy to Miss Annie C. Putnam, whose name is joined in our minds and hearts to Mrs. Wynne's, for they served us together."



## IX

THE originality, charm, and wide scope of Mrs. Wynne's artistic activities may be gathered from almost any one of the present pages; they included silversmithing, enameling, painting of portraits, landscapes and imaginative subjects, basket weaving, free verse, short-story writing, music, embroidery. Her paintings show a vigorous imagination and a sensitive color sense. In one of these, now in Washington, we have an old fireplace, to which an ancient, ghostly woman returns to tend its immemorial fire. In another, called "A Group of Three," the "three" are trees,

until on a closer look one of them becomes a woman, a sibyl. Or, take a triumphant adventure in carving and pyrography. A linen chest for an Easter bride is thus described: "Outwardly it is rich and dark—a severe design carried out in bold relief, with burning-iron, carving tools, and paint brush. But the lid, when lifted, flashes from its inner surface a great cluster of white lilies against the dazzling rays of the rising sun—all in relief against a sky-blue background. Such were the inspirations that responded readily to her call."

Other valuable glimpses of Mrs. Wynne's talents and methods are given by Dr. Edward W. Emerson, of Concord, Massachusetts:

"Of certain travels in Italy and Algiers she made a condensed memento in a sort



FROM THE PHOTO OF ANOTHER BRIDE'S-CHEST,  
"THE GARDEN OF HEARTS," NOW IN ENGLAND



of hieroglyphic embroidery. This was in sampler form, worked in native silks, and very beautiful in design and color. [These samplers were subsequently photographed and copies distributed among Mrs. Wynne's friends.] A collection of jewels, set curiously by her in rings and pendants, stir the imagination even more than they please the eye. . . . Once when I was the guest of Mrs. Wynne and her brother at dinner, my hosts produced neither cards nor cigars after dinner; but instead we went up to their workshop, where they melted a handful of silver dollars in a crucible, and under my eyes seemed almost to *thumb* them into beautiful forms. . . . Madeline Wynne belonged to that blest class, the Illuminators, so delicate were her perceptions and her sympathies."

## X

IN her literary work, Mrs. Wynne expressed the two contrasted sides of New England life and character: the dusky, mystical side, as in "The Little Room"; and the racy, broad-sunlight side, as in "Si Briggs Talks." "The Little Room" was first imagined and related at one of the Deerfield "ghost parties," and was often recited subsequently in Chicago. It is the tale of a small anteroom in a farmhouse—a room now existent, now non-existent; visible to some, invisible to others: a classic of psychological fiction. A sequel devised

a few years later, at earnest request, ingeniously made the problem more problematical than ever. "The Little Room" was finally reduced to print for publication in Chicago, between covers of Mrs. Wynne's own designing; and it was afterwards selected as one of a group of short stories, "Told at Dusk," which William Dean Howells collected for the Harpers. Mrs. Wynne, answering the request for permission to use her story in this way, said that she "should be happy to give them the lease of 'The Little Room.' " "Si Briggs Talks," published in 1917, in Boston, is a collection of New England stories, or rather anecdotes, cast into a whimsical free-verse form; they are of a pungency peculiarly Yankee—one or two of them came directly to Mrs. Wynne from James Russell Lowell—and

all have a flavor suggestive of "The Biglow Papers."

Mr. Howells's sympathetic appreciation of both these books is given in the following words :

"It seems to me that she expressed the mystical and the grotesque of the New England temperament, as no one else quite has, in 'The Little Room' and in 'Si Briggs.' We knew the former years ago, and it seems to me as if we had known the latter always; we read it to ourselves and to each other, and to every one we found fit. Only a few weeks ago we read it again in a copy which we were sending to an English soldier in Jerusalem. I cannot think of any author who has written so little with such spacious effect on the reader's mind. Her rare gift, in its quality and employment, was hers and hers alone."



## XI

### AMONG FRIENDS

"Our dear, gallant, splendid Madeline!  
The only one of her kind in all the world."

—*C. D. Clements*

"She was a wonderful character—a spirit  
of light and eternal youth."

—*Harriet Monroe*

"She was the most variously gifted  
woman I ever met, and so modest and  
genial with it all. Moreover, so good to  
look at. Heaven certainly was generous  
with her. After so full a life, one cannot  
mourn her going."

—*John Vance Cheney*

"I think that to all of us (of a younger generation) it seemed as if she were permanently young—as if she could never die."

—*T. J. P.*

"She made one feel as if one could accomplish almost anything—as if there were always something new to discover over the next little hill."

—*E. C. P., Jr.*

"How vivid she was! I do not even have to close my eyes to see her as I last saw her—sitting under our pine trees here, telling in her inimitable way one of her delightful stories. And whether it was a story, or some theory or philosophy of life, her voice and her rich, rare spirit—her whole gracious personality—made it something long to be remembered. Perhaps it was because her whole self went into everything she said or did."

—*Lucy Cable Biklé*

“I have so many visions of Mrs. Wynne in that laurel-lined path. Her lovely head in relief against the dark leaves was a wonderful picture. She was always saying such gay, such witty and original things, and sometimes so deep and touching! Her bright gift of joyousness seems to me, just now, an outstanding charm. How generous she was with her gifted self—how she overlooked the failings of others, and encouraged the best in them. By the magic of her touch on every commonplace of life, she transformed the simplest, homeliest duties into fairy tales. Her response to all that is lovely—the call of the wren, the tint of the sky, the scent of a rose—showed the deep poetry of her nature.”

—*Mary G. Beach*

“But we must not grudge her the escape from the body, which has been such a pain to her during these months. That clever, skilful body, so full of the best things; and yet, sometimes it seemed too confining for the splendid possibilities still in store. Some great, big, new experience is hers, coming gently, and without shock. I have had enough talks with her to know how deeply she felt about eternal things, and to know how natural will be the step into the big, new world.”

—*L. S. W. Perkins*

“It is not hard to be wholly glad for her. With her lovely freshness of outlook, she will love the next thing.”

—*Elizabeth Head Gates*

To M. Y. W.

*Friends have I had, both gay and grave,  
Witty and learned, wistful and proud;  
But never a one of all the lave,  
In the narrow path where little days crowd,  
Never a one, so blithe or so free,  
So loving of hearth and friend and kin,  
So tender with flower and bird and tree,  
As you, my dearest Madeline Wynne.*

*A golden magic was in your hands,  
You wove and you wrought, you painted and  
played;  
And swift and eager at your commands,  
With a new bag o' tricks and quite unafraid,  
The jongleurs of Beauty came dancing your way,  
To teach you the cunning of play-a-day skill;  
And you taught them in turn, ere you sent them  
away,  
Down the thorn-lined road from your elfin hill.*

*Whenever the dawn made a shining lane,  
On shining errands you took your way;  
Whenever there fell a day of rain,  
You used it to curtain your privacy.  
You became a gypsy, with cauldron and spell,  
In the deeps of the summer's emboscage;  
And when the early evenings came,  
Transformed the drawing room into a stage.*

*On you all arts made sisterly claim,  
Whether music or painting or poetry;  
You worked with forge and hammer and flame,  
But best of all was your alchemy—  
The alchemy that could transmute  
The common friend into something rare,  
And in rejected ore confute  
The dross, revealing metal fair.*

*Valiantly on your path you speed,  
A lover of sweet, untrodden ways;  
Maker of friends at will and need,  
Rememberer of beautiful days.  
Leonardo will bow you in  
To the place where the lovely workers be;  
Gracious Del Sarto will claim you kin,  
And Barbara greet you with lilies three.*

E. W. P.

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Given me by Alice Garstenberg  
It was her mother's book -  
Mrs Erich (Julia) Garstenberg  
- and was signed for her  
by members of The Little  
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